

## summer dream by ReblDomakr

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**Summary:**

Billy lures in Will, basically.

## summer dream

### Author's Note:

mistakes 4 sure cuz I only wrote this out of the desire  
of Billy getting Will high and drunk

The whole thing started with Max inviting Will over to her home to work on a project, so they could work later in the night without her stepfather worrying about her being out. Mr. Hargrove seemed nice, welcomed him inside. Max' mother, who insisted on being called Susan, brought them hot cocoa. He ate dinner with them and finished the project that same night. Only it was January winter still and an expected inch of snow turned into a blizzard.

"Your mother called and asked if you could stay the night. It's too dangerous to travel in this weather." Susan said. "Poor woman, she sounded awfully worried." She murmured in an afterthought, before showing Will the guest room. Mr. Hargrove had left a few hours earlier for a night shift at the car factory he worked at.

The guest bedroom was directly across from Billy Hargrove's lair. It was very simple, bland room, with a few cardboard boxes shoved into the closet. Bits of dust clogged across the objects inside, as though when it was cleaned it was merely an afterthought and not properly performed. Will didn't mind. It was better than trying to travel in the middle of a blizzard which, according to the radio, was going to leave two feet of snow behind.

Will woke up at about midnight to go to the bathroom. And he managed to reach the hallway bathroom without any complications, but on his way back to the guest room he encountered the Party's worst enemy outside of any Upside Down-related villains; Billy Hargrove, shirtless and only in boxers, staring at him with a knife in his hands.

The older teen squinted his eyes down at Will. "The fuck are you doing up?" He asked.

"Bathroom." Will stepped back and gestured quickly in the direction

of the bathroom. He wasn't brave enough to even show a mimicry of courage.

Billy stared at him and shrugged. "My bad. Sorry, kid." He said, raising the knife and twirling it in his fingers.

They stared at each other for five seconds before either of them did anything. "How old are you?" Billy leaned forward.

"I'm thirteen." Will answered immediately.

Billy grunted. "Wanna get high? Fucking hate smoking alone." He said.

"I, I've never-" Will stammered but Billy only snickered, wrapping a hand around his neck and pulling him forward.

In the stuffy warmth of Billy Hargrove's lair/bedroom, Will experienced marijuana for the first time. It burnt, it hurt a crap ton. His eyes started watering and he felt like he was crying, but his limbs thrummed and he never felt more at ease than ever before. "My brother would be mad if he knew I did this." Will admitted to Billy.

"Your brother doesn't need to know." Billy said, laughing. Will joined him.

He'd managed back to the guest room before morning came. He left the Hargrove residence late in the afternoon after the streets were finally plowed and his mom picked him up.

Will kept that night with Billy a secret. It began a pseudo-friendship, one where Billy convinced Will to follow him to high school parties. He learned what a blowjob was the same night he had his first one, given to him a drunk teen girl while Billy waited to congratulate. He came home, hazy and barely able to walk. If it hadn't been for Billy helping him sneak back inside, he definitely would've been caught.

Winter faded into spring and it continued, only at the same time the snow melted was when his brother found him at a party with Tommy encouraging him to down a fourth cup of vodka while Billy was swindling someone out of their cigarettes since he'd lost his pack an hour earlier.

Jonathon dragged him out of the house, with Nancy and Steve's help. He was hand delivered to his mom for punishment.

It really didn't help that he was under the influence of a mixture of cheap liquor, weed, and a small pill that Carol gave him.

He puked when his mom started yelling at him. It was made a lot worse when she started crying.

"I can't go." Will said two days later, when Billy tried dragging him out of bed at two in the morning. "My mom knows now. I'm grounded."

"Fuck." Billy whined. "Come on, please? Won't even ask you to do shit!"

Will gave it and slipped out of his bedroom window. Billy drove them to the edge of town, where he rolled a joint and inhaled it down to a roach as quickly as he seemed to be able to. Will decided the smell was awful when he wasn't distracting his senses, but remained obediently.

"Hey," Billy shoved open his door. "Get out of the car." He said.

Will sighed, but nodded.

Outside, tiny twigs crunching beneath his shoes, Will was picked up by Billy and placed on the hood of the car.

"What is it?" Will asked.

"I'm gonna fuck you." Billy declared. He placed his hand on Will's chest and shoved him down flat on the hood.

And Will *did* fight at first. He kicked and he tried to wriggle away, but he gave in just as quickly as Billy had gotten him out of the car in the first place. He considered himself lucky Billy had at least bothered to use a condom, even if he stained his shirt. Billy tore his boxers and left behind nasty bruises, but Will would be a horrible liar if he tried to say he didn't enjoy it.

That night ended with Will sobbing into the open air, Billy pulling off

his condom and flicking it to the side. “Shit, dude, I think your bleeding.” He said, before scooping a bit of Will’s come onto his finger and shoving it past Will’s raw rim.

There was some blood, but Billy’s condom and the small bit of Vaseline he’d bothered to use had warded off any major injury.

“Next time, I’m fucking coming inside of you.” Billy said.

Will’s face was streaked with tears, his eyes were red, and snot was drying under his nose, over chapped and bitten-bruised lips. He didn’t object to it, just asked to be taken home.

Billy dropped him off and helped him through his window, kissed him goodbye and smacked his ass before leaving.

#### **Author’s Note:**

also, no one ever fucking told me I was wrong about the year Stranger Things was set in. I thought it was 1984 in season one and 1985 in season two, and apparently I’m wrong??? it’s 1983 in season 1 and 1984 in season 2 and I officially hate myself k it’s official bye